

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Letters to Richard Heber, Esq. containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with 'Waverley,' and an Attempt to ascertain the Author. 8vo, pp. 255. London, 1821.

WE recollect, in one of Mr. Dibdin's pieces at the Surrey Theatre, a scene between a manager and a dramatic poet, in which the latter is cautioned so to arrange his story, that the audience may not be let into the plot before the half-price. The author of the present work, however, acts differently, for, in the very outset, he develops his whole story, by declaring that the Scottish novels are by the author of *Marmion*, that is, by Sir Walter Scott, to whom common fame has so long ascribed them. He commences with some general reasons for his belief, and then enters into those details which give it sanction. The circumstances from which he draws the inference are carefully enumerated in the table of contents, and are principally as follow:—Resemblance between the novelist and the poet in their tastes, studies, and habits of life, as illustrated by their works—both Scotchmen—habitual residents in Edinburgh—poets—antiquaries—German and Spanish scholars—equal in classical attainments—deeply read in British history—lawyers—fond of field-sports—of dogs—acquainted with the most manly exercises—lovers of military subjects—the novelist apparently not a soldier—both men of good society—both their works distinguished by good morals and good sense—both excel in grand and complicated scenes—both have, in many instances, resorted to the same sources of information, and borrowed the same incidents—both fond of mentioning their contemporaries—both delight in frequently introducing an antiquated or fantastic dialect. These are some, though by no means all the points of similarity, on which the author grounds his proof of the works being from the same pen; there are several others still more minute, and all of which tend to

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the same conclusion. Believing, as we long have done, that Sir Walter Scott, and no other person could be the author of the Scottish novels, we feel comparatively little interest in an essay, labouring to prove that of which we never entertained a doubt, notwithstanding the ingenuity and industry the author has displayed to establish his point.

Although it has not been denied that the Scottish novels passed through the hands of Sir Walter, yet some have asserted, that they are all written by his brother, a major in the army; this we never, for a moment, credited. The author of the work before us does not allude to this report, but he shows, and we think very clearly, that however much the novelist excels in the rich and animated pictures of martial life, yet they are not those of a professed military man, but 'exactly such as might have been expected from a man of genius, who had recently conversed with the triumphant warriors of Waterloo, or the field of their achievements, and commemorated those achievements both in verse and prose.'

The similarity of incidents between the poet and the novelist, which our author enumerates, are less striking than those of description and peculiarity of expression, a few of which we shall quote. In their battle scenes,—

'In most instances, the conflict is described as seen by persons looking down upon it from a commanding point, and not mixed in the tumult themselves. The situation of Morton and his companions at Loudon Hill, and of Queen Mary, Seyton, and Græme, at Crookstone, are precisely the same with that of the lady and two 'squires, at Flodden; the first shock of battle, at Bannockburn, is witnessed by Edith, from the Gillies Hill; Rebecca watches the attack on Torquilstone, from a window of the castle; and Allanbane looks down upon the battle of Beal'andaine from a height overlooking the Trosacks. The natural sublime comparison of hostile ranks engaging, to an agitated sea, is introduced in the four passages last referred to, in Risingham's Narrative of the battle of Marston Moor, in the description of the British line charging at Waterloo, and in the account of a

similar movement by the French in Paul's Letters. An approaching body of troops is likened to a dark cloud. "God and the cause!" "God and the King!" are the cries at Marston Moor. At Langside, "God and the Queen!" resound from the one party; "God and the King!" thundering from the other. That fine incident in the battle of Flodden,—

"—Fast as shaft could fly,
Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his hand,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by,"

is introduced again in the engagement at Loudon Hill:—

"At length horses, whose caparisons showed that they belonged to the Life Guards, began to fly masterless out of the confusion. Dismounted soldiers next appeared, forsaking the conflict, and"—

It is thus a third time touched upon:—
"But ere I cleared that bloody press,
Our northern horse ran masterless."

Rokeby. Canto 1.

'And again in the Lord of the Isles:—

"The earl hath won the victory.
Lo! where yon steed run masterless,
His banner towers above the press."

Canto 6.

'In the fight by Lock Katrine, the armies suddenly shift their ground:—

"As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again."

"Lady of the Lake."

'And thus in the battle of Inverlochy:—

"Allan's threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onward towards the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying."—*Legend of Montrose.*

'Again,—

'In speaking of the moon as seen in a tempestuous sky, the novelist says, that "she waded amid the stormy and dusky clouds, which the wind, from time to time, drove across her surface."—*Antiquary.*

'Thus, too, the poet,—

"The wading moon, with storm presaging gloom,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam."
The Poacher.

'In a clear night,—

"—The cold light's uncertain shower streams," &c.—*Lay of the last Minstrel.*

"There's a silver shower on the alder's dank."—*Monastery.*

'The following image in the description of a torrent:—

"Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
Like the mane of a chesnut steed,"

Lay of the last Minstrel,
is thus in part repeated,—

"She could see the crest of the torrent flung
loose down the rock like the mane of a wild
horse."—*Heart of Midlothian.*

Passing over the similarity of description, we shall proceed to notice a few peculiarities of expression which are peculiar to both:—

'The word "peril" is continually used as a verb by both writers.

"Nor peril aught for me agen."

Lady of the Lake.

"I peril'd thus the helpless child."

Lord of the Isles.

"Before that adventure be peril'd and won."

Harold the Dauntless.

"Were the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel."

Waverley.

"To avoid perilling what I prize so highly."

Bride of Lammermoor.

"The person of least consequence—were better perilled."

Abbot.

"I were undeserving his grace, did I not peril it for his good."

Ivanhoe.

"You may peril your own soul, if you list."

Kenilworth.

Another word of frequent occurrence in both writers, is 'despite.'

"Despite the uncertainty of my situation."

Rob Roy.

"Despite the asseverations of Edie Ochiltree."

Antiquary.

"Despite my Dutch education."

Guy Mannering.

"Despite thine arrows and thy bow."

Lay of the last Minstrel.

"Despite those titles, power, and pelf."

Ibid.

We might pursue the subject much further, but what we have already quoted will suffice to shew the general character of the work, and the minute details to which the author extends his researches in support of his assumption. We have already stated that there is much ingenuity displayed in this essay, and we ought also to add, there is a good deal of silly trifling, and the whole work is much laboured, particularly when we consider it is only to prove a fact which is now scarcely questioned.

Report relative to the Views and Proceedings of the Cymmrodorion, or Metropolitan Cambrian Institution, established in May 1820. 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1821.

THAT a society established for the express purpose of 'preserving and illustrating the remains of ancient British literature, and for promoting its present cultivation,' should have been established in London under the pa-

tronage of his Majesty, must not only be a matter of congratulation to every Cambrian, but to every one who feels an interest in the literary history of his country. Although little more than twelve months have elapsed since the formation or rather re-establishment of the Cymmrodorion*, yet the time has not been wholly occupied by mere measures of regulation; several valuable books and MSS. have been collected, subscriptions to works tending to disseminate a knowledge of ancient British literature have been obtained, and a medal for the best Welsh ode on the revival of the society, has been awarded to one of the seven candidates who contested for it.

The Report contains an account of what has been done already, and what is still in contemplation, and it is enriched with a very able essay on the 'Antiquity of the Welsh Tongue,' from the elegant and classical pen of John Humphreys Parry, Esq. who, we believe, has been principally instrumental in establishing the institution. The length of this essay precludes our giving it insertion, and we will not injure it by an abridgment; we shall, therefore, quote some lines written by Mrs. Hemans, the author of the 'Sceptre,' and other poems, entitled—

'THE WAKENING OF CAMBRIA,
Inscribed to the Cymmrodorion Society by Mrs.
Hemans, on her admission as an Honorary
Member of the Institution.

'It is a glorious hour to him

Who stands on Snowdon's monarch brow,
When twilight's lingering star grows dim,
And mists with morn's resplendence glow;

'And, rolling swift before the breeze,
Unveil to his enraptur'd eye,
Girt with green isles and sparkling seas,
All Cambria's mountain majesty!

'But there hath been a mightier hour!
'Twas when her voice from silence broke,
And, as an eagle in its power,
The spirit of the land awoke!

'From the far depths of ages gone,
From the low chambers of the dead,
It woke! and brightly moving on,
A sun-beam o'er the mountains spread.

'And there were sounds, where'er it passed,
O'er Druid rock and Fairy dell,
Of song upon the rushing blast,
Of minstrelsy's triumphant swell!

'While, as Eryri's torrent-waves
With joyous music hail'd its way,
Ten thousand echoes from their caves
Burst, to prolong th' exulting lay.

'And thou, O harp! to whose deep tone
Was given a power, in elder time,
A might, a magic all thine own,
The burning soul of Cambria's clime;

'Thou, hallow'd thus by freedom's breath,
To guard her fastnesses on high,
With sounds, inspiring scorn of death,
Instinct with immortality:

* The word signifies 'Associates.'

'Thou to the winds, at that proud call,
Didst pour thine old majestic strains,
As when they fir'd, in bower and hall,
The hearts that were not born for chains.

'And deeply yet that music thrills!
Yet lives there, in each pealing close,
Some memory of th' eternal hills,
With their pure streams of radiant snows!

'The hills, where freedom's shrine of old
High 'midst the storm dominion stood;
The streams, which, proudly as they roll'd,
Bore to the deep heroic blood;

'The snows, in their unstain'd array,
Bright o'er each eagle summit spread;
Oh! who shall view their haunts, and say
That inspiration thence hath fled?

'It is not thus!—each mountain's brow
Bears record of undying names!
How shall your sons forget to glow,
Ye mighty! with your quenchless flames?

'It is not thus!—in every glen
The soil with noble dust is blent!
Of fearless and of gifted men
The land is one high monument!

'And think ye not, her hills among,
That still their spirit brightly dwells?
Be thou immortal, soul of song!

By Deva's waves, in Snowdon's dells!

'Yes! 'midst those haunts, in days gone by,
The deep wind swell'd with prophet lore;
Scenes mantled with sublimity,
Still are ye sacred, as of yore!

With our best wishes for the success of an institution, laudable in its plan, and calculated to render no inconsiderable service to literature, we take our leave of the First Report of the Cymmrodorion.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library. Vols. 1, 2, and 3. Royal 8vo. Edinburgh, 1821.

So many editions of the British novelists have already appeared, that it seemed almost difficult any longer to present them under a new aspect; this, however, has been done by Mr. Ballantyne, an enterprising bookseller of Edinburgh, who has died since they were commenced. The 'Novelist's Library' is edited by Sir Walter Scott, that extraordinary genius,—

'—whose prolific quill
Can every month, with ease, a volume fill.'

The three volumes that have already been published, contain the works of Fielding and of Smollet, including, by the former, Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, Amelia, and Jonathan Wild, which fill the first volume. The second and third are devoted to Smollet, and contain Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Count Fathom, Sir Launcelot Greaves, and the translation of Don Quixote. The labours of the present very able editor, which add an increased value and interest even to works so decidedly popular, consist of biographical notices

and critical remarks; the former are brief anecdotal sketches of some of the most prominent features, or most strikingly illustrative of the characters of the individuals. Of the qualifications of the author of the Scottish novels, as a critic on novel writing, no person will doubt; we shall, therefore, leave him in both cases to speak for himself. From the prefatory memoir to Fielding we quote the following extracts:—

‘Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of Le Sage and others, who, eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since, *a priori*, one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the development is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summed up by the catastrophe,—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding’s biographers have, in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author so careless of his reputation, but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dullness, which pervades Fielding’s plays, and which is rarely found in those works which a man of genius throws off ‘at a heat,’ to use Dryden’s expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in labouring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may, perhaps, be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he, who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the

habit of dexterity necessary for acquitting himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

‘It is the object of the novel-writer, to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind’s eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe,—words applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shewn. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied,—telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must, therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and an impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr. Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out “all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;” and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy, was the description of Queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily

organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure, though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarcely any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to chuse the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius, which could successfully insert into a good play, those accessories of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province, is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must farther be remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnership is called, by civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the player and poet in “Joseph Andrews,” book iii. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not unfrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage.’

After noticing Fielding’s dramatic pieces, Sir Walter gives the following anecdote:—

‘After the publication of “Joseph Andrews,” Fielding had again recourse to the stage, and brought out “The Wedding Day,” which, though on the whole unsuccessful, produced him some small

profit. This was the last of his theatrical efforts which appeared during his life. The manuscript comedy of "The Fathers" was lost by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and, when recovered, was acted after the author's death for the benefit of his family. An anecdote respecting the carelessness with which Fielding regarded his theatrical fame, is thus given by former biographers:—

'On one of the days of its rehearsal, (i. e. the rehearsal of the "Wedding-Day,") Garrick, who performed a principal part, and who was even then a favourite with the public, told Fielding, he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage, and remarked, that as a repulse might disconcert him during the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted,—"No; d—n 'em," replied he, "if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out." Accordingly, the play was brought out without alteration, and, as had been foreseen, marks of disapprobation appeared. Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green-room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had by this time drunk pretty freely; and, glancing his eye at the actor, while clouds of tobacco issued from his mouth, cried out, "What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?"—"Why the scene that I begged you to retrench," replied the actor; "I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me, that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night."—"Oh! d—m 'em," rejoined he, with great coolness, "they have found it out, have they?"'

'Miller published "Amelia" in 1751. He had paid a thousand pounds for the copy-right; and when he began to suspect that the work would be judged inferior to its predecessor, he employed the following stratagem to push it upon the trade. At a sale made to the booksellers, previous to the publication, Miller offered his friends his other publications on the usual terms of discount; but when he came to "Amelia," he laid it aside, as a work in such demand, that he could not afford to deliver it to the trade in the usual manner. The ruse succeeded—the impression was anxiously bought up, and the bookseller relieved from every apprehension of a slow sale.'

As we do not mean to enter into any connected biography of either Fielding or Smollett, we shall only quote one passage relating to the life of the latter, and some of the editor's critical remarks on his works:—

'The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them

he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty, fierce, irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooping to no patron, suing for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintaining himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, shewed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. Even his resentments, though often hastily adopted, and incautiously expressed, were neither ungenerous nor enduring. He was open to conviction, and ready to make both acknowledgement and allowance when he had done injustice to others, willing also to forgive and to be reconciled when he had received it at their hand.'

The following admirable remarks are made on two of Smollett's works, *Peregrine Pickle* and *Count Fathom*. Speaking of the former, Sir Walter says,—

'The splendid merit of the work itself, was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt Roderick Random and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure than Roderick Random; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where

the author has substituted splendour of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pip-s, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and, therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light. Hence it would seem, the difference in opinion which sometimes occurs betwixt the author and the reader, respecting the comparative value of early and of subsequent publications. The author naturally prefers that upon which he is conscious much more labour has been bestowed, while the public often remain constant to their first love, and prefer the facility and truth of the earlier work to the more elaborate execution displayed in those which follow it. But though the simplicity of his predecessor was not, and could not be, repeated in Smollett's second novel, his powers are so far from evincing any falling off, that in *Peregrine Pickle* there is a much wider range of character and incident, than is exhibited in Roderick Random, as well as a more rich and brilliant display of the talents and humour of the distinguished author.'

* * * * *

'To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom, is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villainy has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villainy which are embodied in such narratives as those of *Zeluco* or *Count Fathom*.'

The concluding remarks of the prefatory memoir to Smollett, which consists of forty-two pages, are devoted to a comparison of the merits of that able writer with Fielding:—

'Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both edu-

cated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution and an exhausted fortune.

'Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they shewed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett.

'If we compare the works of these two great masters yet more closely, we may assign to Fielding, with little hesitation, the praise of a higher and a purer taste than was shewn by his rival; more elegance of composition and expression; a nearer approach to the grave irony of Swift and Cervantes; a great deal more address or felicity in the conduct of his story; and, finally, a power of describing amiable and virtuous characters, and of placing before us heroes, and especially heroines, of a much higher as well as pleasing character, than Smollett was able to present.'

* * * * *

'Upon the whole, the genius of Smollett may be said to resemble that of Rubens. His pictures are often deficient in grace; sometimes coarse, and even vulgar in conception; deficient, too, in keeping, and in the due subordination of parts to each other; and intimating too much carelessness on the part of the artist. But these faults are redeemed by such richness and brilliancy of colours; such a profusion of imagination—now bodying forth the grand and terrible—now the natural, the easy, and the ludicrous; there is so much of life, action, and bustle, in every group he has painted; so much force and individuality of character, that we readily grant to Smollett an equal rank with his great rival Fielding, while we place both far above any of their successors in the same line of fictitious composition.'

We ought to add, that this edition of the British Novelists, in addition to the enhancement of its value by its editor, is elegantly printed at the Border Press of Mr. James Ballantyne, brother of the publisher. It appears in bulky volumes with double columns, and is published at a price somewhat moderate.

Summer; an Invocation to Sleep; Fairy Revels; and Songs and Sonnets. By Cornelius Webb. 12mo. pp. 48. London, 1821.

WE once noticed a small collection of sonnets, by Mr. Webb, which we thought, gave indications of genius that his present work does not confirm; there is a good deal of natural beauty and simplicity in his poem of 'Summer,' but it shows great carelessness in the language. Some writers may think the inspirations of their genius sufficiently polished, as they emanate, but we will venture to say, that no man ever became a great poet without much care and attention. Of 'Fairy Revels,' we can say nothing better than of Summer. The lament about the fall of England, in the 'Emigrant's Farewell,' is ridiculous; and we think we may safely assure Mr. Cornelius Webb, that allowing him to reach a good old age, he will never live to see the strength of England 'a cause for sport,' any more than it is now, what he says it is, a cause 'for tears.' Some of the sonnets, and a song, in this little volume, are, however, pretty, and we quote the latter in conclusion, as exhibiting our author rather favourably:—

‘SONG.

'I saw her but a lover's hour,
That beauty without beauty's pride,
As humble as the wayside flower
That blushing droops when fondly eyed:—
Her hair was like the golden rays
That fall on mountain-heads of snow;
And angels might with wonder gaze
Upon the whiteness of her brow.
'Her eyes were like twin violets,
The violets of the sunny south,
Which dewy morn delighted wets,
And kisses with delicious mouth.
Her cheek was pale as the wan moon,
The young moon of the virgin year,
When as her night is past its noon,
And the warm-kissing sun is near.
'Her closed mouth was like a bud
Full of the balmy breath of May;
Her voice was like a summer flood
That noiseless steals its gentle way;
Its sound on memory's ear will start
Like to a sweet forgotten tune,
Whose echoes live within a heart
That what it loves forgets not soon.'

Curiosities for the Ingenious: selected from the most Authentic Treasures of Nature, Science and Art, Biography, History, and General Literature. 18mo. pp. 192. London, 1821.

THIS is a very neat and cheap little volume, and superior in general interest to 'Endless Amusements,' to which we suppose it is intended as a companion. The ample range the editor has taken, has afforded him a store of 'curiosities

for the ingenious,' and ingenuities for the curious; and although there are a few 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' articles, yet the selection is, on the whole, made with discrimination and good taste. We select a few articles:—

'Ancient and Modern Prices.—In the year 712 and 727, an ewe lamb was rated at one shilling, Saxon money, till a fortnight after Easter. Between 900 and 1000, two hides of land, each containing about one hundred and twenty acres, were sold for one hundred shillings. In 1000, by King Ethelred's laws, a horse was rated at thirty shillings, a mare or a colt of a year old at twenty shillings, a mule or young ass at twelve shillings, an ox at thirty pence, a cow at twenty-four pence, a sow eight pence, a sheep one shilling. In 1043, a quarter of wheat was sold for 60 pence. From these and other similar facts, it is computed that in the Saxon era there was ten times less money, in proportion to commodities, than at present; so that the price of every thing, according to our present language, must have been thirty times cheaper than it is now.

'In the reign of William the Conqueror, commodities were ten times cheaper than they are at present; and hence we cannot help forming a very high idea of the wealth and power of that monarch. For the revenue of William the Conqueror was four hundred thousand pounds per annum, every pound being equal to that weight of silver. Consequently, the whole may be estimated at one million two hundred thousand pounds of the present consumption, a sum which, considering the different value of money between that period and the present time, was equivalent to twelve millions of modern estimation.

'The most necessary commodities do not seem to have advanced their price from William the Conqueror to Richard I.

'The price of corn in the reign of Henry III. was nearly half the price in our times. Bishop Fleetwood has shewn, that in the year 1240, which was in this reign, four pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence was worth about fifty pounds of our present money. About the latter end of this reign, Robert de Hay, rector of Souldern, agreed to receive one hundred shillings, to purchase to himself and successors the annual rent of five shillings, in full compensation of an acre of corn.

'Butchers' meat, in the time of the great scarcity in the reign of Edward II. was, by a parliamentary ordinance, sold three times cheaper than our mean price at present; poultry somewhat lower, because being now considered as a delicacy, it has risen beyond its proportion. The mean price of corn, in this period, was half the present value; and the mean price of cattle, one eighth.

'In the next reign, that of Edward III. the most necessary commodities were, in general, about three or four times cheaper than they are at present.

'In these times, knights, who served on horseback in the army, had two shillings a-day, and a foot archer sixpence, which last would now be equal to a crown a-day. This pay has continued nearly the same, nominally, (only that during the commonwealth, the pay of the horse was advanced to two shillings and sixpence, and that of the foot to one shilling; though it was reduced again at the restoration,) but soldiers were comparatively of a better rank formerly.

'In the time of Henry VI. corn was about half its present value; other commodities much cheaper. Bishop Fleetwood has determined, from a most accurate consideration of every circumstance, that five pounds in his reign were equivalent to twenty-eight or thirty now.

'In the time of Henry VII. many commodities were three times as cheap here, and in all Europe, as they are at present; there having been a great increase of gold and silver in Europe since his time, occasioned by the discovery of America.

'The commodities, the price of which has risen the most since, before the time of Henry VII., are butchers' meat, fowls, and fish; especially the latter; and the reason why corn was always much dearer in proportion to other eatables, according to their prices at present, is, that in early times agriculture was little understood. It required more labour and expense, and was more precarious than it is at present. Indeed, notwithstanding the high price of corn in the times we are speaking of, the raising of it so little answered the expense, that agriculture was almost universally quitted for grazing, which was more profitable, notwithstanding the low price of butchers' meat. So that there was constant occasion for statutes to restrain grazing, and to promote agriculture; and no effectual remedy was found, till the bounty upon the exportation of corn; since which, above ten times more corn has been raised in this country than before.

'The price of corn in the time of James I. and consequently that of other necessities of life, was not lower, but rather higher than at present; wool is not two-thirds of the value it was then, the finer manufactures having rather sunk in price by the progress of art and industry, notwithstanding the increase of money.'

Wealth of the Romans.

'Crassus's landed estate was valued at £1,666,666 : 13 : 4.

His house was valued at 50,000.

Ten pillars in the front of his house, cost 833 : 6 : 8.

Cæcilius Isidorus, after having lost much in the civil wars, left 1,047,160.

Demetrius, a libertus of Pompey, was said to be worth 775,000.

Lentulus, the Augur, no less than 3,333,333 : 6 : 8.

Cicero acknowledged that his estate in Asia was worth 18,333 : 6 : 8.

His town house cost 16,666 : 13 : 4.

His country house 6,041 : 13 : 4.

Clodius, who was slain by Milo, paid for his house, 123,333 : 6 : 8.

Apicius was worth more than 916,671 : 13 : 4. And after he had spent in his kitchen, and otherwise squandered immense sums, to the amount of 833,333 : 6 : 8, he poisoned himself, leaving 83,333 : 6 : 8.

The establishment belonging to M. Searus, and burnt at Tusculum, was valued at 833,332 : 13 : 4.

Gifts and bribes may be considered as great signs of riches; Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl worth 50,000.

Paulus, the consul, was bribed by Cæsar with the sum of 58,333 : 6 : 8.

And afterwards bought over to his party for the sum of 300,000.

Gabinus was accused of getting 2,000,000.

The bribes of the tribes at the elections, for each of them, amounted to 83,333 : 6 : 8.

And there were thirty-three tribes, so that the whole cost no less than 2,916,666 : 13 : 4.

Curio contracted debts to the amount of 500,000.

And before Cæsar was in any public office, he was in debt 251,875.

Of which sum Crassus was bound for 160,812 : 10.

Milo contracted a debt of 583,333 : 13 : 4.

Antony owed at the Ides of March, which he paid before the Calends of April, 333,333 : 6 : 8.

The suppers of Lucullus, at the Apollo, cost 1,666 : 13 : 4.

Horace says that Pegellus, a singer, could in five days spend 8,333 : 6 : 8.

Fat birds, such as thrushes and black-birds, of which some farms would produce 5000 yearly, cost each 2s.

A pea-fowl cost 1 : 13 : 4.

An egg 3 : 4.

A pair of doves 1 : 13 : 4.

If very pretty, 8 : 6 : 8.

Herrius's fish-ponds sold for 33,333 : 6 : 8.

A pound of wool, of the Tyrian double dye, was sold for 33 : 6 : 8.

Some wore gowns of it, and carpets for covering their couches, on which they reclined at table; some of them were wrought into various figures at Babylon, and sold at Rome for 6,666 : 13 : 4.

Calvinus Labinus purchased many learned slaves, none of them under 833 : 13 : 4.

Stage players sold much higher:—

Roscius gained annually 1,166 : 13 : 4.

The ground on which Cæsar built his forum, five acres, cost 833,333 : 13 : 4.

Being at the rate per acre, 166,666 : 14 : 4.

The yearly rent of each acre was 6,666 13 4.

Isidorus was a private man, and by will his effects were declared to consist of 4,116 slaves, at 60l. 24s. 960.

3,600 yoke of oxen, at 12l. each 43,200.

257,000 lesser cattle, at 11s. each 257,000.

Money 500,000.—*Dickson's Ancient Husbandry.*

'*Subterranean Garden and Natural Hot-bed.*—A curious account of a subterranean garden formed at the bottom of the Percy Main Pit, Newcastle, by the furnace-keeper, was lately communicated to the Caledonian Horticultural Society. The plants are formed in the bottom of the mine by the light and radiant heat of an open stove, constantly maintained for the sake of ventilation. The same letter communicated an account of an extensive natural hot-bed near Dudley, in Staffordshire, which is heated by means of the slow combustion of coal, at some depth below the surface. From this na-

tural hot-bed, a gardener raises annually crops of different kinds of culinary vegetables, which are earlier, by some weeks, than those in the surrounding gardens.'

'*Bonaparteian Relics.*—At the sale at Mr. Bullock's Museum, of the articles taken by the Prussians in Flanders, belonging to Napoleon, nothing could exceed the eagerness with which they were bought up. The following statement of the prices given for some of the things, will serve to shew in what estimation these relics were held:—

	£	s.	d.
The worn-out carriage.....	168	0	0
Small opera-glass.....	5	5	0
Tooth-brush.....	3	13	6
Snuff-box.....	166	19	6
Military stock, or collar....	1	17	0
Old slippers.....	1	0	0
Razor (common).....	4	4	0
Piece of sponge.....	0	17	6
Shaving-brush.....	3	14	0
Shirt.....	2	5	0
Comb.....	1	0	0
Shaving-box..	7	7	0
Pair of old gloves.....	1	0	0
Old pocket-handkerchief ..	1	11	6

Many other articles were sold for prices equally high.'

Thirteen well-engraved plates, principally illustrative of the scientific articles in the volume, give it an additional value, and render it one of those works which will delight the young reader, and which the philosopher would not despise.

Original Communications.

ON THE MODERN POETS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

OUR readers may, perhaps, recollect the grave declaration of the Edinburgh Review, in an article on Scott's edition of Swift, that the writers who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne had been completely outwritten by authors of the present day, and that they had no chance of ever regaining the estimation in which they were formerly held.

The reason alledged by the ingenious critic for this victory of the moderns was, that there now existed a taste for stronger excitement and deeper emotion than such writers as Pope, Swift, and Addison could supply. Now, without stopping to inquire whether this 'taste' denotes a sound and healthy or a depraved and sickly appetite, and admitting the fact that Scott can boast of more readers than Pope, the real reason appears plainly this, that the reading public has increased at least a hundred fold since the last century, by a prodigious influx from the middle classes, whose taste, very naturally, leading them to

delight in novels, romances, and the 'hoc genus omne' of the circulating library, it as naturally leads them to delight in Ladies of Lakes and Lords of Isles;—for what are these meritorious productions to an *English* reader, but romances in rhyme?

There is, however, another and a numerous class of readers, principally consisting of young ladies in the higher circles, to whom grim barons and bald-headed monks are but tame and insipid personages. Their double distilled, highly rectified feelings cannot be satisfied but by the perpetual adhibition of that 'strong excitement' furnished by the stimulants of rage, lust, despair, madness, and murder: happy England, when such are the longings of thy daughters; and happier still, when a British Peer is raised up to gratify them.

In such a state of things, can any one be surprised that Wordsworth is not popular? i. e. popular in the Edinburgh sense, which estimates a man 'non pondere sed numero' of his admirers. In this sense he never can be popular; for to suppose him a universal favourite, would imply that every individual was gifted with the power of appreciating the highest excellencies of poetry,—an event very desirable, but not very probable. Mr. Wordsworth may, however, console himself under present neglect, by reflecting that such was the fate of his great model, to whom at last the centuries to come were yielded for renown. For, after all, good poetry is sure of obtaining, in the end, the applause it deserves. The public has often raised some authors to undue eminence, and depressed others who ought to have been exalted, but a succeeding age has seldom failed to rectify the error. Who was more popular in his day than Darwin, and yet who reads him now?

It is observable that Mr. Southey, in some of his earlier productions, was borne away by the stream of popular taste and wrote in compliance with it, as may be seen in his *Thalaba*, *Curse of Kehama*, &c. His *Roderic*, however, is more than an atonement for the temporary subjection of his genius to models which his better taste must have condemned.

From Mr. Southey the transition is natural to Mr. Coleridge, and in speaking of this gentleman must it not be deeply lamented, that one who can write so well, should write so little? that the author of the finest tragedy our stage has seen for a century, should

remain totally inactive, at a time too, when he might walk the course? Those who consider the influence (and it is by no means a small one) of the theatre over taste and morals, will not think the assertion extravagant, that he who, in the drama of *Remorse*, could display such powers of exerting and purifying the passions, is not *morally* justified in allowing this precious talent to rust unemployed, when so noble a field is open for its exertion, and in which he has absolutely no competitor.

Of Thomas Moore, who can deny that he possesses an unlimited empire over grace, elegance, and beauty; pathos might be added were it not too often deformed by a pining, whining, effeminacy, totally repugnant to the strong, but manly (and perhaps somewhat rugged) feelings of Englishmen, who, in general, look with very unequivocal contempt on the 'charming agonies of love.' And this will always be an insuperable bar to Mr. Moore's attaining the height of his fame; his muse is decidedly oriental. Had he been born in the flowery regions of the East he would have recited his lays to enraptured monarchs, contending who should bestow the highest honors on him,—a guerdon, we fear, he cannot look to receive from any European potentate.

It now only remains to speak of Crabbe, an author, who disdaining all the common-place characters of poetry, has shewn what powerful effects may be produced by agents hitherto supposed too homely and vulgar to excite any of the loftier passions; who, that has once read it, can forget the terrible emotions aroused by this poet in the fate of Peter Grimes? What is principally remarkable in Mr. Crabbe, is the great range of his powers; he can describe guilt and suffering, innocence and joy, the hardened ruffian and the gentle country maid, with the same forcible pencil. There is also another peculiarity in him. His dramatic personæ are all thoroughly and completely English, so English, that it may be doubted if a foreigner could ever enter fully into their spirit. This nationality (similar to that of Scott's novels*), will secure the existence of Mr. Crabbe's poems, as long as the English character remains unchanged. T. G.

* We say *Scott's* novels, for it is absurd to affect ignorance on the subject. There is no other person capable of writing them but Sir Walter, and they will be his sure and certain passport to posterity.

ESSAY ON METRICAL PROSE.

(Continued from p. 503.)

THE vocabulary of polite literature has but three names to designate all the various compositions which are included by that species of language, called poetry, viz. metrical prose, blank verse, and rhyme. The first is emphatically called metrical, though, in fact, metre or measure is common to all three, as they are all species of poetry, which, properly speaking, is measured prose.

Of these, rhyme is clearly distinguished from both the others, by the attribute of symphony in its final syllable, i. e. that if pronounced simultaneously, they would have the same sound. The distinction between metrical prose and blank verse is not quite so obvious, but a little consideration will shew us in what respect they differ, as though they are both metrical, yet it is easy to see that their metre is of a very different kind.

I do not know if any writer ever attempted to give a precise criterion, whereby we might distinguish these two poetical sisters; but to me it appears evident that it consists in this—that in blank verse the metre observes a given law; in the other it observes none. The regular return of the same metres, in the same order, and at stated periods, or after a certain number of intervening lines, I call the *law* of that metre. It is this regular return of the same metres, which constitutes blank verse, and by this it is always distinguishable from what is usually denominated metrical prose. Thus the law of the Miltonic metre, which is the simplest possible, is that in which the same metre returns every line. In the following lines:—

There was a little bird upon that pile,
It perch'd upon a ruined pinnacle,
And made sweet melody.
The song was soft, yet cheerful and most clear,
For other note none swell'd the air but his,—
A lonely anchorite!

The law of this metre is, that the same metre shall return every third line; and, therefore, three lines are the *period* of this law.

Having thus settled this criticism, which, heretofore was, I confess, to me a *desideratum*, we may now proceed to compare these two species of language, with respect to the excellence possible to be attained in each, by beings of our finite abilities. I would here caution my reader against supposing that I mean to institute any comparison between blank verse and the metrical prose of the moderns. This latter is

only a *species* of metrical prose, and which being devoted exclusively to the expressing of passion or sentiment, I would beg leave to call by the name—rhapsody, i. e. the irregular expression of passion. But it is no reason that because moderns have chosen to confine this species of language to the expression of passion alone, it should, therefore, be incapable of embracing much higher subjects than our passions, and engaging much higher faculties of the mind than our imagination. The Bible is a continued series of reasoning, in most eloquent metre.

But to return, the reader will do well to recollect the rule which I gave in my last paper for determining that species of language in which the greatest excellence is possible to be attained by finite beings such as we are. It was this: that in which the proportion of pleasurable qualities possible to be by us attained, to the difficulties necessarily incurred by attaining these qualities, is greatest; for it will be granted, I presume, that the language into which we may infuse most pleasurable quality, with the least difficulty, is that most likely to be brought to the highest perfection among us.

Now, in order to apply this rule to the subject under consideration, let us compare the pleasurable qualities possible to be by us infused into both metrical prose and blank verse, as also the difficulties in their composition; or in other words, since, as I have shewn, blank verse is only metrical prose under the restraint of a given law, let us inquire what the latter gains and what it loses, what new difficulties are created and what old ones avoided, by the introduction of that law?

The only qualities possible to be introduced by a regular return of the same metres, are two; uniformity of sound, which, to a certain degree is pleasing to the ear; and order or system, which is an intellectual gratification.

The qualities lost, are variety of sound, simplicity of structure, and freedom of expression. Of these, the two first are necessarily opposite to the above two qualities introduced by the law, and, moreover, are lost exactly in the proportion that these latter are gained. So that, so far, the introduction of the law cannot be considered either as an advantage or a disadvantage. But there remains still, on the side of the quality lost, freedom of expression, ease or natural grace; so that, on the whole, metrical prose is a loser

in pleasurable quality, by the introduction of a law or regularity in its metre.

Again; the difficulties of composition are wonderfully increased by this law, as is evident. The necessity of so disposing and choosing your words, as that they shall agree in their order to a given rule, introduces a difficulty not only in the selection of your words, but moreover in that of your ideas. You are compelled absolutely to reject beautiful ideas, on account of the impossibility of expressing them in words which will preserve the law of the metre.

There might be a good deal more said upon this subject, but I believe I have already fatigued the reader with this abstract speculation; and, therefore, I will conclude these essays by observing, that as it has appeared from investigation, that metrical prose, by subjecting itself to the law of blank verse, diminishes its pleasurable qualities, and increases the difficulties of its composition; it thereby renders less excellence attainable by us finite agents, than when in its primitive state.

I feel no hesitation, therefore, in saying, that it is yet in the power of man, to carry this species of language to an extent of perfection which no other yet invented could attain.

Sept. 5th, 1821.

REDLAY.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

CHAP. II.

A touch at sublimity—infancy—its fooleries—internal commotion—its consequences—school—a frolic—punishment—the cobbler—retaliation.

How sweet, how doubly sweet are the days of childhood; how pleasant the scenes of those young years, when all is life and lightness, and joys come trooping on in all the richness of variety; what streams of laughing gladness flow into the remembrance, at the mention of that time,—that beloved time of buoyancy and brightness, which trips up our very sorrows with a smile, and founds our pleasures on the ruins of a tear. Alas! how fleetly do they pass away; how evanescent their delights: springing into existence in all the glow, and splendour, and gay revelry of some soft fairy vision, so soon—too much in its similitude—to die away into the air. Oh! golden time; oh! happy days; why do you fly so quickly? why do you leave us for

dreary shadows and fearful sorrows, for cares, and troubles, and vexations of spirit? Earth! earth! thou art the same; thou art still as fresh, as blooming, and delightful; thy fields are as green; thy flowers do bloom as beautiful, the sun shines upon thee as brightly; and yet dost thou seem changed. Oh! man! here is thy wisdom! Oh! sin, here is thy curse!—

Oh! Pegasus! oh! most valorous Pegasus, whither, in the names of all that is wonderful, art thou wending; verily, thou hast been prosing, Pegasus; yea, and that wofully, and if we go on at this rate, heaven only knows where we shall be by-and-by! Let us descend into denser regions, my most sweet Peg, ere we dislocate our respective noses—try we a trot, just a dog-trot or so, and then shall we right-pleasantly proceed. Once more!—

As I progressed my way into days and months, I of course became the idol of every heart, the theme of every tongue; as usual, there never had been, was, nor would be, so sweet and beautiful a babe;—perfection I beat all to nothing; I was fed upon sugar and honey, and all that was sweet did they administer unto me; eager so to anticipate my infant whims before they could be expressed, so to stifle the wants which thickened with every growing moment, so to pamper my green appetite to utter loathing, they speedily exhausted all that could fascinate, and lost all power to please. Unluckily, the pith of things in the eye of childhood is variety, sweet variety; when, therefore, they could no longer satiate my unharnessed desires, and no more glut my passionate cravings, what could I do but roar! 'roar an it were any nightingale;' then was I hugged and comforted, then was I so kissed and be-prattled, that my young sense, loathing all human caresses, spurned at the very hand that fostered me. And yet my poor mother thought me an angel—and so indeed did other folks; the only difference was the kind.

To recount all the beautiful exploits of my veriest infancy, or to enumerate those delightful traits, which, whilst they picture me at home as but few removes from an actual cherubim, displayed me to all beside as a supreme pest—is, to say nothing of a somewhat treacherous memory with respect to such remote periods, not my intention; the pleasure might be nothing to speak of, and the profit, perhaps, questionable. My parents, however, loved me

with exceeding great love, and each had a distinct and trifling elaborate method in its display: but the worst of it was, they could never agree about the right one. Your cherubims are, certes, mortal enemies to household quiet. Thus, as I grew into years, home became a scene of eternal petty cavil and contention, arising only from a mis-applied and over-reaching tenderness: and that which had been regarded as the prospect of a future blessing, sunk into the reality of an ultimate curse. It is hard, it is bitter for the heart to question a parent's discretion, or to murmur at the consequences which a loose and unrestrained affection will assuredly entail! Too often, alas! are we thus compelled, and feel with redoubled severity the ills to which they have made us so sensibly alive, and from which they have vainly striven to shield us by their over-kind and fallacious endeavours. Oh! did they but reflect how wholesome to a child is salutary correction, surely their hearts would prompt the exercise of a sterner love. My good Aunt Rebecca would now and then lift up her hands and eyes with a simple 'good gracious,' and pass on wondering how all would end. My father, from a doating fondness, began to regard me almost with apathy; and my mother, thinking me neglected and forsaken, clung to me with a more impassioned tenderness, cherished me under all all his cold reproofs, and nourished and encouraged me in all the extravagancies of youth. I became, in a word—and it is a simple and eloquent one—a spoiled child. My father, sickened by such 'foolery,' determined on the expedient of a public school, and bitter to my mother's heart was our parting; there, however, I exhibited pretty nearly the same attributes which had characterised me when a cherubim; was the same headstrong, fiery, and ungovernable imp as ever;—corrections and reproofs, to say nothing of more tangible arguments, were continually flowing from the master's lips and cat o' nine tails; but where, where is the lash that can eradicate the propensities of an uncultivated heart. Every cut and every chiding seemed but the more deeply to infix the inclination to obstinate and determined mal-practice. I do not mean to say that my disposition was radically evil, or that I was criminally culpable; but, as I had disregarded the endearments of private commendation, so I spurned at the application of public chastise-

ment. Admonition might here have effected all, because my pride would have then been pleased, but that was a commodity they dealt not in. Disgrace followed all my pretty pranks, in every form an aged head conversant in such matters could devise; and, at last, I considered myself as fairly goaded on to the acceptance of every opportunity which occurred in frolic and misdoing. I had, at various occasions, received many threats, that my offences should be made the subject of parental examination, and an accident soon effected the due execution of these so often-repeated promises.

Some handful of academic ragamuffins, of whom, as usual on such occasions, I was the chosen leader, had been indulging in the harmless recreation of relieving some apple trees from the burthen of their fruit, in a delightfully secluded orchard in the neighbourhood—nothing could equal, as we had imagined, the security in which we were performing this charitable office; a rascally cobbler, however, secreted in the hedge (for what purpose he, and the ditch beneath, best knew), had witnessed the whole proceeding. Oh! had we witnessed him!—from the most disinterested motives imaginable, he disclosed the crime and perpetrators to the farmer, who of course, preferred his dolorous complaint;—a sneaking coward, to save his own ignominious back, turned king's evidence, and I of course stood forth in all my wonted glory. The menaced punishment was soon performed, and the next post brought me a packet of heavy denunciations, accompanied by the usual discretionary powers to the chief priest of the synagogue. Indigestible tasks and corporeal inflictions speedily followed. I was removed to the solitude of a small chamber, exquisitely situated for the indulgence of pensive meditation. Here I was permitted to revel in the exuberance of my fancy, and luxuriate in all the charms which darkness could afford. There was one thing, however, which solaced me in my gloom and cheered me in all the hours of my imprisonment. The cobbler, that thrice-accursed cobbler,—schemes, plans, and devices came thronging to my mind in every form that revenge, deep and delicious, could project;—of these, one presented itself as a fit preliminary to the connected series I intended at different opportunities to perform—for my brain, unable to select one as equalling the measure of his villainy, sought by a

mass of embryo expedients to effect in number what it needed in magnitude. My punishment could not last for ever, and I patiently awaited the day of liberation. I came—and my first business was to reconnoitre the strength and forces of the enemy, and calculate the method of attack. I was not long in drawing the proper conclusions, nor was it difficult to secure the assistance of certain staunch friends, on whose integrity I could rely.

Crispin's abode formed the corner of a small and unfrequented street, and his shop or rather shed seemed admirably contrived for our purpose. It projected from the house, and was deliciously calculated to display, from three points of the compass, all that passed within,—a hedge lay at a few yards distance, to which we could soon fly to observe the result of our manoeuvres. The elder boys of the school were allowed a short ramble of an evening, whom, from the deep contrition I had evinced, I was soon allowed to join; and as my desires to make to my benefactor all proper acknowledgments, were urgent and importunate, the first night of my release was to witness the commencement of our operations. By means of a day-boy, we had procured an old pistol, slightly loaded with blank cartridge, the exercise of which was to fall, with all its consequences, to my peculiar province; two others were to be provided with a couple of decent-sized syringes, well charged with sheep's blood, whose noses were to be fitted to the bolt-holes of the window so as to effuse the little man with their contents at the moment when the pistol was discharged; we were then to seek concealment in the opposite hedge, and await the result of this partial requital for past services. The evening at length came,—beautifully dark it was; the neighbours, from the silence and quiet of all around, appeared to be more than ordinarily industrious. Hard at his vocation, and piously chaunting a hymn to the god of gin-and-twopenny, sat the snug rascal, nothing dreaming of his destroyers without. Silently we crept beneath the glass and paper frame-work of the shed, there to abide the most auspicious moment. To give more freedom to some exquisite quaver which ever and anon proceeded from his thrush-like throat, Crispin would elevate his visage, cast up his huge grey eyes, and throw a dying look towards some cobweb in the corner of his stall. This was the signal for dispatch. In

an instant the pistol was fired—the blood poured in upon him in all directions, and he rolled upon the ground, like a cask of table-beer, struck with mute astonishment. His hymn was soon changed into a bull-like bellowing, and lustily did he roar out, ‘Murder, murder! thieves! help! fire, murder!’ The screams of his rib, and the lamentations of the victim, speedily brought the neighbourhood about their ears. Oh! it was very pleasant to behold the mighty rush and gathering of the town,—all was now dismay and consternation, nothing was heard but the shriekings of the women and the queer yells of the men,—whilst dozens of frightened souls rushed around all quarters, proclaiming the murder of Peter Puckle, the cordwainer; whole hosts of surgeons, physicians, and ‘pothecaries, flew in all directions. Into the shed they poured, and poor Peter was well nigh strangled in the universal endeavour to disrobe his outward man; the multitudinous thronging of the charitable reached pretty nearly to absolute suffocation. The strings of Peter’s apron had somehow become embarrassed round his shoulders, (neck he had none,) so that conflicting parties were making rapid strides towards extinguishing what little remained of life in their opposite exertions to remove the all-resisting ægis; and had not some thoughtful dog, with a happy presence of mind, seized a knife which lay close by, the joke had soon been tragically terminated; this, therefore, he laid about him in all directions, to the infinite peril of all around, and thus was a new fire opened. The unhappy rascal of a cobbler had clapped his waxy hands upon his face immediately on the original salute, which subsequently straying, in his trials at extrication, had literally covered him with blood all over; so that the doctors were at a dead fault in search for the wound,—it baffled every effort,—nor until a notable little barber had suggested the propriety of mowing down the bristles on his pate, could they devise any expedient to clear up the mystery. This was adopted in no time, and now the unfortunate devil was to be subjected to a new torture; luckily he had long been motionless, and the barber, bating the wiry quality of the stubble, performed the operation without resistance or inconvenience, excepting every now and then an occasional jerk of the elbow, occasioned by the anxiety of the spectators to view the spectacle below. A

plentiful supply of soap and water, with the incidental application of a scrubbing brush, at length completed the process; when lo! and behold, never pumpkin exhibited a more unbroken uniformity. It was now clear that the wounds were lower down, and to work again they went; ladies, of course, here withdrew; but, alas! their efforts were vain! and not until all possible means had been exhausted was the pursuit relinquished as utterly hopeless. After a lapse of some little time, however, Crispin began to show some signs of animation, and a deep long-winded and dolorous sigh bursting from the very bottom of his bowels, seemed to afford him an evident relief. The good people soon began to smell something very like a hoax, and turned to each other with looks of amazement and inquiry; and it was not till the young folks began to joke and titter, and the old to drop off one by one, that we thought it prudent to depart, and chuckle in secret at the success of our exploit.

‘PRETTY MAIDS!’

THIS is a call that most good early rising cockney house-wives, at one time of life or another, obey. It conveys so much sweetness and good-humour, that all who hear it hurry up from the kitchen, or down from the garret, to be its recipients. It has stronger charms than the toilet, is more effective than the romance, and combines all the powers of the Athenian oracle. ‘Milk! below,—pretty maids!’ uttered from a red-faced Cambrian girl, in a court, one morning, so completely toned my feelings for beauty, that I have relinquished the idea of studying lectures on the fine arts, or anatomy at Brookes’s. Perhaps the reader would wish for an instance or two of ‘pretty maids!’ For his edification in his warfare towards the realms of prettiness, he may have five or six, since it was my lot to be arrested by many. The first pretty maid! that came to the door to be greeted by day-light and mild cream, most delicately thin, was an old decrepid *Frenchman*, who, from his remarkable appearance, could be none other than a lineal descendant of the famous Monsieur Tonson, ‘that the jocose king said was never heard of more!’ ‘Vare cold, vare cold,’ said he, as he pulled his night-cap over his ears, took his milk-jug, and withdrew. I shall never forget how much I was captivated with this *pretty maid!*

The second tender-looking creature

was a *Mrs. Angel*, who kept a *coal-shed*, and, from her familiar acquaintance with King Coal, Coke, and Blackwood, I felt no hesitation in classing her immediately with her predecessor, as a ‘*vare pretty maid!*’

But the third must have been ‘handsome is that handsome does;’—he was a native of those eastern climes where the face is black, and the teeth are white, whose hair could not imitate the fretful porcupine nor tongue catch Tully’s honied eloquence. The milk-maid had called him ‘*pretty maid!*’ many times before he shewed ‘his shining morning face,’ and, it should seem, ‘like snail, he crept unwilling to’—the door; for another almost invisible ‘*pretty maid!*’ was exercising that elegant weapon, a mop, at his heels, with the sweetest accents that ever dropt from—a smoke-jack.

The fifth, delectable enchantress! was an uxorious member of that society of vestals, commonly called *Quakers*. The gracious friend, O. N., was eclipsed in this ‘*pretty maid!*’ From that ‘intercourse of looks and smiles’ which Milton gave to the happy pair in Paradise, from ‘Lady Amaranth’ and ‘Rachel Leer,’ the spirit and the flesh were never exchanged with purer uprightness than between the bonny lass and this ‘*pretty maid!*’ The meeting and the farewell were both silent;—the operations passed, as if by the influence of mechanism; with a yoke so easy the pails grew light.

It was with difficulty I obtained even a side-long look at the sixth ‘*pretty maid!*’ It was Miss Moses. She was a neat little figure, or rather had been so the previous night, at Master Levi’s wedding. By half concealing herself behind the door, I guessed she had a pretty carriage. An accident which is sometimes very useful to beauty, caught her sleeve in the chain of the passage, and its effect was truly rivetting to me. She smiled and I was slain; she lisped and I revived. I determined to visit the Rabbi, and bless her with *saulems*, but the charm was dissolved. She wanted an eye and ‘*a that!*’

Now, reader, it is evidently clear, how many ‘pretty maids!’ there are to be met with in this populous world. Go to the exhibition—pretty portraits!—but they are not for *anybody*; its shut. Go to the theatre—but scenes are full of illusion;—it is candle light. Go and mix with the quality; glance round the elevated circles, they are over-painted. Then extend your re-

search into the best educated classes of society, where scientific reading is cultivated with domestic precepts, passions are checked by sweetness of temper, hearts are won by improving conversations, duties practised for great moral purposes, and the whole deportment regulated for the wisest ends. Here,—here, I have at length found a ‘pretty maid!’—‘Go and do likewise;’ nor place any reliance on the capricious invocations of the milky daughters of Erin and Cambria.

J, J, J.

VULGAR ERRORS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I believe, in an early number of your journal, you corrected some vulgar errors in the law. I now send you a list of a miscellaneous description; and though, perhaps, in town they may not be prevalent, yet I can assure you, there is scarcely one that I have enumerated which is not fully credited in the country. I am, &c.

EBORACENSIS.

There is a vulgar error that the hare is one year a male and another a female; and that the wolf, if he see a man first, suddenly strikes him dumb. To the relators of this, Scaliger wishes as many blows as at different times he had seen wolves without losing his voice.

That men are sometimes transformed into wolves, and again from wolves into men. Of this vulgar error, which is as old as Pliny's time, that author exposes the falsehood.

That there is a nation of pigmies, not above two or three feet high, and that they solemnly set themselves in battle to fight the cranes. Strabo thought this a fiction; and our age, which has fully discovered all the wonders of the world, as fully declares it to be one.

The race of giants, too, seems to have followed the fate of the pigmies; and yet what shall we say to the accounts of Patagonia?

A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, for June, 1771, vol. 41, p. 251, refutes the following errors, asserting that the scorpion does not sting itself when surrounded by fire, and that its sting is not even venomous: ‘that the tarantula is not poisonous, and that music has no particular effects on persons bitten by it, more than on those stung by a wasp;’ ‘that the lizard is not friendly to man in particular, much less does it awaken him on the approach of a serpent;’ ‘that the remora has no

such power as to retard the sailing of a ship by sticking itself to its bottom;’ ‘that the stroke of the cramp-fish is not occasioned by a muscle;’ ‘that the salamander does not live in fire, nor is it capable of bearing more heat than other animals;’ ‘that the bite of the spider is not venomous,—that it is found in Ireland too plentifully,—that it has no dislike to fixing its web on Irish oak,—and that it has no antipathy to the toad;’ ‘that the porcupine does not shoot out his quills for annoying his enemy, he only sheds them annually, as other feathered animals do;’ ‘that the jackall, commonly called the lion's provider, has no connection at all with the lion,’ &c.

The following may also be noticed as vulgar errors:—That should a glass-house fire be kept up, without extinction, for a longer term than seven years, salamanders would be generated in the cinders. That the mole has no eye, nor the elephant any knees. That a barnacle, a well-known kind of shell-fish, which is found sticking at the bottom of ships, should, when broken off, become a species of goose; old writers, of the first credit in other respects, have fallen into this mistaken and ridiculous notion; and we find no less an authority than Holinshead, gravely declaring that with his own eyes, he saw the feathers of these barnacles, ‘hanging out of the shell, at least two inches.’ That it is not lawful to go about with a dark lantern; this error probably originated from Guy Fawkes's lantern, in the Gunpowder Plot. That the manna sold by the apothecaries is of the same sort as that which fell from heaven to feed the Israelites. That the tenth wave is greater or more dangerous than any other, and that the tenth egg is the largest. That swans sing sweetly a little before their death, and that the basilisk is generated from a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent. All these are vulgar errors of considerable antiquity, and although they are contrary to common sense and every day's experience, yet are they traditionally conveyed from parent to child with the utmost fidelity.

ADDISON'S IMITATIONS.

[The following letter, which we quote from the *Monthly Magazine*, was written by that able commentator and critic, Bishop Warburton. It is highly curious, and addressed to Mr. M. Concanen, who, it will be recollected, assisted Warburton in his attacks on Pope, for which he obtained a place in the Dun-

ciad. The letter had been successively in the hands of Dr. Mark Akenside and Mr. Malone.—Ed.]

Letter from Mr. W. to Mr. M. Concanen.

DEAR SIR,—Having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promised to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserved, I in vain sought for them through a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what ore, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of Modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation; for it is not, I presume, the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature, when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation; for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science, *Nihil est dictum quod non sit dictum prius*: for these reasons, I say, I give myself the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Act 2, scene 1.

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequetur presentis periculi fugam, tamen es majus ea fugienda ope videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus.

Philipp. Or. 10.

Addison. Bid him disband his legions, Restore the commonwealth to liberty, Submit his actions to the public censure, And stand the judgment of a Roman senate: Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? Arma deponat, roget, deprecietur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me.

Philipp. 5.

Addison. — But what is life? 'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air From time to time—

'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone, Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

Act 3, scene 3.

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: Sed in nulla est omnino serviente.

Philipp. 10.

Addison. Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,

The generous plan of power delivered down From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,

O never let it perish in your hands.

Act 3, scene 5.

Tully. Hanc (libertatem scilicet) retinente quæso, quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditalem, majores nostri reliquerunt.

Philip. 4.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seats of empire,

The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, luce orbis terrarum.

De Oratore.

The first half of the 5th sc. 3d act, is nothing but a transcript from the 9th book of Lucan, between the three hundred and the seven hundred lines. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgment, who, wanting sentiments worthy of the Roman Cato, sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he would give his subject those terrible graces which Dion Hallicar complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakspeare, who, in his Julius Cæsar, has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terror that perfectly astonishes. Hear our British Homer:—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the int'rim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:—

O, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods!
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation: 1. the decorum this exact master of propriety has observed. In the conspiracy of Shakspeare's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of—

'The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council,'

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this would have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it.

2. The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of S.'s description, that, instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has, before he was aware, given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him. For,

'O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death,
are but the affections raised by such lively images as these.

'—— All the int'rim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.'

And

'The state of man, like to a little kingdom,
suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Again, when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions, he has recourse to Lee, who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. Thus his Juba—

'True, she is fair, O how divinely fair!'

coldly imitates Lee, in his Alex: thus,

'Then he would talk: good gods, how he would talk!'

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39th specimen, expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection against Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients, as it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he should be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head; but some other opportunity will preseat itself. You may now, sir, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, which should have been first of all acknowledged due to you, which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and most ingenious gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation.

I am, sir, with all esteem,

Your most obliged friend

and humble servant,

W. WARBURTON.

Newark, Jan. 2, 1726.

AN INFANT SOVEREIGN.

HENRY VI. was only nine months old when he began his reign. At the first Parliament that was held, Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, declared the cause of calling it, and, in allusion to the king, said, 'that as all perfections were comprised within the small number six, since God had made all things in six days, so his divine majesty was to accomplish the good beginnings of the famous 5th Henry, in the 6th Henry, his son.' In the third year of this king's reign, when the war against France was still carried on with various success, the Protector and Council thought it necessary, in order to engage both lords and commons more zealously in their interests, to bring the infant king into the house; and, accordingly, on the day of their meeting, he was carried through the city, on a great horse, to Westminster. Being come to the palace, he was from thence conducted to the House of

Lords, and sat on his mother's knee on the throne. 'It was a strange sight,' says Speed, 'and the first time it ever was seen in England, an infant sitting in his mother's lap, and before it could tell what English meant, to exercise the place of sovereign direction in open parliament.' The Commons being called, the Bishop of Winchester, then Lord Chancellor, opened the cause of the summons. For the head of his discourse, he chose these words, *gloria, honor, et pax, omni operanti bonum*, which he divided into three branches. On his second division, relating to sound counsel, he urged this text, *Sabius ubi multa consilia*, and told them that an elephant had three properties: the one in that he wanted gall; the second, for that he was inflexible, and could not bow; and the third, in that he was of a most sound and perfect memory; all which properties he wished might be in all counsellors. That for their wanting a gall, they might be thereby free from all malice, rancour, and envy; by being inflexible that they should not stoop to any reward, nor in judgment respect any person; and of a sound memory, that they, by calling to mind dangers past, might prevent perils to come. His last topic for the relief of the king; he urged that it ought to be done with all readiness of mind, considering that God, by the young prince, his chosen vessel there before them, had not only governed them in safety, but had also given them many honourable victories and conquests; all which ought to inforce them more willingly to offer, that their grants should be more readily taken.

KENILWORTH.

In the Bodleian Library there is a small volume, printed in 1584, entitled 'the Copie of a Letter, written by a Master of Arte of Cambridge, to his Friende in London, about some proceedings of the Erle of Leycester, and his Friendes in England.'

This letter contains the following brief notice of the death of the Countess of Leicester, which, it will be recollected, forms the basis of the romance of Kenilworth.

'Onlie for the present I must advertise you, that you may not take holde so exactlie of al my L. doinges in women's affairs, neither touching their marriages, neither yet their husbandry.

'For first his Lordship hath a special fortune, that when he desireth any

woman's favour, then what person so-
ever standeth in his way hath the luck
to die quicklie, for the finishing of his
desire. As for example; when his
lordship was in full hope to marrie her
Ma: and his own Wyfe stood in his
light, as he supposed; he did but send
her asid. to the house of his servaunt
Forster of Cummor by Oxforde, where
shortlie after she had the chaunce to
fal from a paire of stares, and so to
break her neck, but yet without hurt-
ing of her hoode, that stode upon her
heade.—But Sir R. Varney who by
commandment remayned with her
that daye alone, wyth one man onlie,
and had sent away perforce all her ser-
vautes from her to a market two
miles of, he (I say) with his Ma. can
tel how she died, wh Man being taken
afterward for a fellowie in the Marches
of Wales and offering to publish the
manner of the murder, was made awaye
privillie in the prison. The wyfe also
of Balde Butler, Kinsman to my L.
gave out the whole fact a little before
her death. But to return unto my
purpose, this was my Lorde's good for-
tune to have his wyfe die at that time
when it was like to turne more to his
profit.'

Original Poetry.

FAREWELL.

TUNE.—'Logan Water.'

FRIENDS of my soul! friends of my heart!
Since fate declares we soon must part,
Let mirth and humour, ere we go,
Once more give smiles to every brow;
This festive board be friendship's shrine,
And from this sparkling rosy wine,
Once more libations let us pour,
Before we part to meet no more.

(Thou first best gift of heaven above!
Thou bright celestial beam of love!
How quick, at thy benign controul,
Despair and anguish fly the soul!
Hail, friendship! hail! without thy aid,
This world were all a dreary shade;
Thy voice can every ill beguile,
And teach e'en grief to wear a smile.)

Farewell! a long and last farewell!
What pangs within that word 'farewell'!
Ye dear companions of my heart,
To meet no more, alas! we part—
Yet let's rejoice that we have met,
And in our breasts remembrance sweet
Full oft arise, till life decays,
Of former happy happy days.

Adieu for me, where'er I go,
The social hours I've spent with you,
When sparkling wit and smiling mirth
Forgot that care was on the earth;
And friendship crown'd the generous bowl,
And sweetly flowed from soul to soul,
Shall in my glowing bosom dwell—
And so farewell! a last farewell!

AULD DOMINIE.

TO *****.

COME, dry those tears, enough has been
To sorrow paid by those blue eyes;
Enough of grief we h . h have seen,
To bid us softer moments prize.
Come to my heart, it ne'er has beat
For others as it beats for thee,
And let me hear thy lips repeat
Their vows of faithful love to me.

Come, cease those sighs, I cannot bear
The heaving of thy breast with mine;
Thou feel'st the heart that throbbeth there,
And know'st that it is solely thine.
Then lay to mine thy burning cheek,
From thee I feel no wish to roam,
Nor will thy heart another seek
Than mine, its lov'd its dearest home.

Come raise those eyes of tender blue,
And let them blend with mine their beams,
And dream that woe we never knew,—
Our grief is lighter than it seems.
Another and a better day,
A happier one is our's, I ween,
When all our care shall fade away,
And seem as it had never been.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

FLATTERY.

*Founded on an incident in the Sentimental
Journey.*

'Delicious essence! how refreshing thou art to
nature.' STERNE.

In shelter from a pelting shower,
Two ancient ladies stood
Waiting until the rain should cease,
And stop its pouring flood.

In mean attire a man advanced,
Their charity to crave;
In accents sweet, with humble voice,
The suppliant begs their aid.

'Ladies, between you both,' said he,
'Two shillings do me give;—
May every blessing on you show'r,
Contented may you live.'

'Two shillings,' shrill exclaim'd the one,
And 'shillings two,' the other;
'It ne'er can be—why, sure the man
Must be a very robber.'

'A robber, lady fair, I'm not,
But a poor man and true,
I scarce could ask a smaller sum
From such great dames as you.'

A little softened by his words,
'We have no change,' said one,—
'I'd gladly do't,' the other said,
'But purse I've left at home.'

'My fairest ladies, say not so,
The poor assist to live;
God prosper then the joys that you
Can, without change, man give.

'Tis lovely charity that makes
Your eyes the morn eclipse,
'Tis goodness makes the ruby's glow
Seem paler by your lips.'

No more they now dispute the point,
T' relieve they both are willing,
And differ who shall have the praise
That duty of fulfilling.

The contest's o'er—two gave the one,
The other gave two more;—
Our suppliant bows,—instead of two,
Sweet flattery gained him four.

W. G.

TO ———.

THE bee is chidden, for that in his providence
of the merely useful things of life, he hath neg-
lected the pleasures thereof and its sweeter en-
joyments, leaving to others the more delectable
office of collecting these sweets, whilst he is
dull within his cell. Inducements are men-
tioned, and at the name of his favourite flower,
his bosom riseth, and he goes forth singing and
very loving; but he is rebuked, for that this
flower is in possession of another, and advised
rather to return than seek such unholy loves.

From th' intricate tho' gainful,
Thy wax-wrought knavery,
From sweetless and from painful,
Come forth, thou drowsy bee!
Long season thou'st been rearing
Thy scientific bowers,
And o'er the future peering,
Forget the present flowers.
Come, rouse thee from thy slumbers,
And shake thy trumpet wing,
In small sonorous numbers,
Thou tiny poet, sing!
O'er od'rous bells and blossoms,
See others how they fly!
And pillow'd by sweet bosoms,
They murmur as they lie.

The coronet fresh o' the fountain,
The lily i' the vale,
Queen daisy on her mountain,
And primrose prink the dale.
The time's scythe-mocking myrtle,
The rose in blushes drest,
Like virgin without kirtle,
Laid in her lover's breast.

Sweet-pea 'n blanch snood—thou minion!
Aye, now thy breast's on fire!
Thou spread'st thy flimsy pinion,
And wak'st thy meadow lyre.

Thou fool! will nought content thee
Less than such flow'r divine?
Repent ye, ah! repent ye,
Whilst yet the pow'r is thine.

What, tho' aspirant zephyrs
On most Hyblæan wing,
With rival breath, sweet favours
Into her bosom bring!

Her beauteous head reclining
Upon majestic stem,
Ambitious pale, entwining
Her floral diadem.

Tho' odours amaranthine,
Rapt from empyreal bowers,
Her slender limbs might grant thine,
The Queen o' graceful flowers!

Yet see! churl coyness gathers—
Back, to thy cell again!
Her bosom is another's,
Thy song is all in vain.

LOVE IS LIKE AN AIR-BALLOON.

ELLEN's voice is soft and fine,
Ellen's face is pretty,
Underneath the cluster'd vine,
Far, far away from city;
She sang and harp'd a docile tune,
'Love is like an air-balloon.'

First, with gas, the silk is fill'd,
And its cords are broken,
Then Cupid, for the voyage skill'd,
Mounts upwards with the token:
Ah! thus I lost my heart so soon;—
'Love is like an air-balloon.'

Through the regions high in wind,
Soaring under heaven,—
Leaving the earth and all mankind
With their spirits riven ;
Sighs are breathed and tears are strewn :—
'Love is like an air-balloon.'
If it homeward safely turn,
And is true to feeling,
Hope and joy delight to learn
That hearts are won by stealing :
Then happy, happy honeymoon,—
'Love is like an air-balloon.' J. R. P.

TO FANNY NANKIN,
THE MILLINER.

WHEN first I received the dear beam of thine
eye,
What rapture my gladdened soul drank in ;
But that rapture is changed to the soul-telling
sigh,
That breathes for thee, dear Fanny Nankin.
That sigh but announces the heart's pensive
plaint,
For the passion it heedlessly sank in,
And mourns that so blooming and lovely a
saint
Is a saintly cold Miss Fanny Nankin.
O saint, could thy feelings with my feelings
feel,
How my feelings thy feelings would thank,
in
Their fulness of feeling, their feeling of zeal,
To find thee a feeling Miss Nankin.
But O, if I find from the scorn of those eyes,
That my ticket will prove but a blank in
This lottery of love—I shall die for the prize
I have lost in thee, dear Fanny Nankin!

C. L.

I KNEW BY THE BEAM.

I KNEW by the beam in thy soft eye of blue,
When we parted thy heart was my own, and
felt bless'd ;
And I knew that the heart was as gentle as
true,
And happy laid down on the cold deck to rest.
The wind whistled shrilly, the wave it roll'd
high,
And my bark on its bosom in wildness was
tost ;
The deep crashing thunder spoke loud in the
sky,
But to me all its far-spreading terrors were
lost.
No infant in cradle was e'er lull'd to sleep
So soundly as I by the white breaking surge,
Till the bright star of morning beginning to
peep,
I saw its fair brow o'er the billow emerge.
It woke me to gladness, it brought to my view
My own native island and all I held dear ;
It rose as if beck'ning me homeward to you,
And fancy, tho' absent, depictur'd you near.
Oh ! beam on and brighten sweet beacon, I
cried,
Fair hope of the mariner still give thy light,
Till my full gladdened eye o'er the blue-bo-
som'd tide,
Behold my own land rising soft on my sight.
It heard me, or seem'd to the wind it blew fair,
And the land of my fathers in mildness ap-
pear'd ;
And true as I left thee, my heart met thee
there,
With all that was unto my bosom endear'd.

Now nothing shall part us, the past shall ap-
pear
A vision, so lovely the future shall be ;
Still, still shall our love be as warm and sin-
cere,
Thou dear to my bosom as I unto thee.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The *Coronation*, though not honoured by such good houses as it brought for the first week or two, is still attractive, perhaps as much so as any thing that could be offered at present ; and if a little more attention was devoted to selecting good pieces to be played with it, the manager would, we suspect, find it still more to his advantage.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Wednesday, this theatre had a more crowded and elegant audience than any assembled within its walls since its erection, which sufficiently proves that the public taste for the drama in its higher walks is more intense than some critics are willing to allow. The play was *Venice Preserved*, and the principal interest of the evening was excited by the first appearance of a lady in the character of Belvidera. Mr. Conway played Jaffier, and Mr. Terry, for the first time, the well-drawn and arduous part of Pierre. The lady's graceful manner and elegant form deeply interested the audience, and her throbbing bosom evidently displayed the strong agitation of her feelings upon the first greetings of a liberal and generous public. Her first efforts, sweetly and delicately expressive of her firm affection for her beloved Jaffier, kindled into flame the favour that had betrayed itself, and the most enthusiastic plaudits through the first three acts, amply acknowledged and repaid the talents of the debutante :—her articulation is distinct, her pronunciation chaste, and her manners unaffected and elegant ; but her voice is feeble—too feeble, we fear, to be distinctly heard in a larger house, and, perhaps, incapable of conveying with due energy the expressive force essential to the frantic tones of distraction or despair ; and the latter part of her performance was, consequently, less effective than the commencement. Due allowance must be made for difficulties peculiarly attendant upon the first appearance of a lady—but when a candidate for public fame boldly steps into the first rank, it is the duty of a public writer to declare whether she will grace the proud pinnacle to which she

aspires ; our first impression is that she might have chosen a part more suited to her powers, that her talents will place her among the best performers of the day, but her Belvidera cannot be considered of the first order.

Mr. Conway whined over his troubles as Jaffier most pitifully. Jaffier's character is in itself so contemptibly weak and irresolute, that correct feeling would induce us to wonder how he could ever obtain the friendship of the firm and courageous Pierre, and Mr. Conway's representation did not help it into our favour. Although several of his scenes were very good, the whole did not please us, and we thought him too long in dying. But Mr. Terry, as Pierre, produced a different effect : his performance was equal and excellent ; he never lost sight of the character he was unfolding ; his whole manner—his energetic declamation—his expression of contempt or hatred—his manly firmness, patriotic ardour, and sense of friendship, were admirable. The other characters deserve no particular notice.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—We are glad, for the sake of the liberal proprietor of this theatre, to whom we wish every success, that the public opinion is rather at variance with our's, and that, contrary to our expectation, the *Cure for Coxcombs* has been played every night since it was produced. *The Gipsy of Dorncleugh*, *The Miller's Maid*, and *The Adopted Child*, in which Emery plays Record with powerful effect, are played alternately, and, with the mixture of lively farces and brisk operettas, of which this house has a store, draw good houses.

SURREY THEATRE.—This house closed for the season on Tuesday last.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The performances of the present week, at this theatre, boast an unusual degree of interest, and, we are happy to add, they are nightly attended by very crowded audiences. *The Witch of Dorncleugh* is another version of Guy Mannering, differing materially from the original opera, and, in many respects, from the new drama at the English Opera House. Mrs. Egerton's Meg Merri- lies is too well known and too much admired to require any thing of commendation from us ; but those who have often seen it, will still derive much pleasure from witnessing it in a theatre where the advantage of seeing and hearing distinctly can be so easily obtained. The opera is got up well in all its characters, and the scenery is peculiarly appropriate and tasteful.

Literature and Science.

The Observer Newspaper.—It is a remarkable circumstance, and unparalleled in the history of the newspaper press, that the *Observer* of Sunday, the 22d of July, which was published on two sheets, and contained an account of the coronation, sold no fewer than 61,500 sets, thus using 133,000 four-penny stamps, and yielding to the revenue the enormous sum of 2216l. 13s. 4d.

A young person of the name of Davenne, deaf and dumb, was lately presented to the King of France, and laid before his Majesty the model of a grand Chateau in pasteboard. It had about two hundred windows, with curtains and trimmings, beneath which were discerned the interior and well furnished apartments. The design was altogether imaginary, and cost three years' labour, with rule, penknife, and compass.

Mexican Flora.—At the last anniversary sitting of the Helvetic Society of Natural Science, M. de Candolle presented to the society a Flora of Mexico, consisting of 1740 leaves, and forming thirteen large folio volumes. The following account of this work is given in the *Morgenblatt*, published at Stuttgart:—MM. Sesse, Mocino, and Cervantes had travelled over New Spain, with the view of collecting a Mexican Flora. They made a drawing of each plant on the spot where they found it. M. Mocino had returned to Madrid, in order to have the drawings thus obtained engraved, when the first troubles in Spain obliged him to seek refuge with his Flora at Montpellier. M. de Candolle, who was then at Montpellier, became acquainted with M. Mocino, and assisted him for eighteen months in arranging systematically his numerous collection. M. de Candolle afterwards went from Montpellier to Geneva, and M. Mocino gave him the Flora along with him, that he might one day send it forth to the world. The new aspect of affairs in Spain having induced M. Mocino, however, to return to his native country, he wrote lately to M. de Candolle, requesting to have the Flora back. The French naturalist, unwilling to run the chance of losing all trace of so valuable a treasure, immediately requested some friends to copy part of the rarest drawings for him. No sooner was this known in Geneva, than numbers of persons, of both sexes, offered their services; and in the end, every person capable of managing a

crayon or pencil, was occupied with the Mexican Flora. They worked with such zeal, the ladies especially, that in the short space of eight days there was not a single drawing remaining to copy.

Submersion of the Village of Stron.—The following account of this singular and melancholy event, is related in a letter from Winkler. The village of Stron, in the estate of Fermian, in Bohemia, is situated on a declivity, in the north-east of the valley of Eger, about a league from Saatz, partly near the river, and partly near a gorge that descended towards the Eger. On a hill that forms a border to this gorge, were the church and parsonage-house, and the village descended along the gorge parallel to the Eger, towards the north-west. This hill contains beds of an earthy pit-coal, that spread through the country, and are covered with strata of sand and alluvion. The Eger flows at the distance of about two hundred toises from Stron. Previous to the accident, it formed a bay alongside of Stron, edged with hills of moving sand, not very lofty, but steep. On the higher part of the declivity were a number of springs, that were quickly lost in the sands.

These springs have proved the cause of a calamity, which, in these countries, where glaciers and earthquakes are unknown, may be deemed unique in its kind. The water of the springs has gradually perforated large subterranean cavities in the strata of sand, so that, at length, the whole surface of the soil, with the church, the houses, and the gardens, rested only on some detached columns of sand that were daily diminishing. Whether subterranean combustions of pit-coal may not have co-operated, is a point hitherto undecided.

For a length of time the earth had been sinking in different places. Crevices appeared in the walls of the buildings; the doors would no longer shut, and some weeks ago a great noise was heard in the middle of the night. The people are roused from their sleep; a singular movement of the earth advancing forward, and at the same time sinking, is observed. The inhabitants flee, remove their cattle, &c. and at some distance from the village wait for the morning. Its appearance displays an image of destruction; half of the village had disappeared; where no houses had ever been, roofs and chimnies were seen rising from the ground. The hill, the church, and the parsonage, were no longer to be found; and

at some distance appeared a chaos of parcels of earth, intermixed with ruins and crevices.

The church is eighty feet below the scite it formerly occupied; it is divided into two, half of it buried in ruins. Here lies a steeple overthrown, and there a confused medley of statues, images of saints, stables, &c. The river is thrown out of its channel, and where it formed a bay, there is now an accumulation of earth. The churchyard is thrown into a shapeless heap, and the whole territory bears another aspect. In different patches are seen layers of a fat earth, over which the sand has glided. It seems that the Eger must have crumbled the props on which the hill stood, as they had ever an inclination towards the river.

A number of things have been fortunately preserved, and, with the exception of some cattle, no lives were lost. Fifteen houses are yet standing; but the soil is insecure, and the downfall will probably be universal.

I was at a loss, at first, to recognise the country; and from the inhabitants I could only learn that they had been disturbed by a tremendous crash, and that they sought refuge by flight. The people were rich; their loss, in point of furniture, is not so considerable as in the superficies of the soil.

The village is now a sort of central spot for pilgrimage to the whole of Bohemia; the curious flock thither from every quarter, to explore the effects of this phenomenon. It is impossible to form a just idea of it without inspection.—*Phil. Mag.*

Letters from Naples mention a prodigy: a boy ten years of age, of a noble Hungarian family, named Sigismund de Praun. He recently made his appearance at Rome, at the Theatre Argentina, when he executed in perfection a sonata on the violin, in which the celebrated Paganini often chose to display his talent in execution. But what is infinitely more surprising, the young Sigismund is not less versed in literature and the sciences than in music. After he had discoursed on public theses on the most important questions, the Archi-Gymnasi awarded him a large gold medal. This wonderful child was presented to his holiness, who, delighted with his answers, conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur, and also nominated him a Count of the Apostolic Palace.

M. Tedenat, son of the French consul at Alexandria, well known for his discoveries in Upper Egypt, has just

landed at Marseilles, with a valuable collection of antiquities from that celebrated region. He ascended to the first cataracts of the Nile, and visited the famous city with a hundred gates. He has caused excavations to be made in the granite mountain, in the vicinity of the ruins of that place, which is situated in the front of the great temple. He found remarkably fine mummies, and manuscripts on Papyrus, of exquisite brightness, and in perfect preservation. It is supposed that finer specimens of the kind are not to be found in any collection in the world. It was on the mountain of Gournâ that he procured the most precious relics. He had the singular good fortune to discover a thick rope (cable) made of the fibrous substances of the palm-tree, which had been used for the purpose of lowering into a pit the bodies of the rich, which were afterwards deposited in catacombs, hewn out of the granite side of the mountain, at the depth of sixty fathoms (*bras*.) These pits seemed destined to conceal the tombs in the interior; and now, in order to get at them, it is necessary to hew away at random. The sepulchral chambers of Gournâ present a work of the greatest perfection with regard to the hieroglyphic figures, as well as to the bas-reliefs executed *en saillie*, which cover all the interior walls. Let us judge of the patience, the perseverance, the tools, and the talents of the Egyptian artists, who used to penetrate to the very bowels of the earth to form everlasting monuments; and of the power and resources of the kings, who, not satisfied with having raised those lofty pyramids, which, for many thousand years, have withstood the ravages of time, and astonish us by their magnificence, have caused to be excavated a mountain of more than thirty leagues in extent, for the purpose of depositing mummies, and to vanquish, as it were, the immutable laws of nature, which have an uniform tendency to destroy the immortality of the bodies. The sequel of this interesting document has been suppressed by the censors of the press! M. Tedenat has sent the result of his researches to Paris, and will soon return to Egypt.—*French Paper*.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

Young Bonaparte.—The French Emperor, Napoleon, was married to

the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa of Austria, the 11th March, 1810, in Vienna, by proxy, and personally on the 1st of April, of the same year, in Paris. The subject of this article was born March 20, 1811, and named, by his father, Napoleon, and afterwards, Francis Charles Joseph, in compliment to his grandfather and uncle on his mother's side, and uncle on his father's side. He was deprived of his title of King of Rome, and declared Duke of Reichstadt on the 22nd July, 1818. Reichstadt is in Bohemia, has a castle and good estate, which is at nurse during his minority.

The Ex-Empress was declared Duchess of Parma in 1814.

In addition to these particulars, I shall add an anecdote which cannot be uninteresting. In November, 1819, the Emperor gave a grand chase at Schlossoff, a magnificent sporting domain, about forty English miles east of Vienna, on the left bank of the Danube. The nobles of the court and all the foreign ambassadors were present during the sports of the day's shooting. Young Napoleon, who was of the party, begged to have a gun, which the emperor, after much entreaty, permitted, with strict injunctions that it might be charged with powder only. After two fires, he was rallied upon being a bad shot, and told that he had better decline a further attempt. By what means, I am not prepared to state, but at this moment he discovered the trick which had been put upon him. He now remonstrated with his grandfather, and, after much pleading, was allowed a small charge of shot. He brought down his first bird (a pheasant), to the inexpressible delight and admiration of the emperor and all present; and, out of eleven shots, he bagged nine birds!

That young Napoleon has not only proved himself a good shot, but exceedingly clever for his years, is sufficiently known to all who have had the best opportunities of ascertaining the facts, and the extreme and well-known partiality of the emperor, and indeed of the whole imperial family, is sufficiently obvious, both in public and private; and it is highly creditable to those charged with his education, that he is constantly attended by men of the most profound talents. His equipage is also of the first order, a carriage with six horses and four outriders.

Lying.—There are various kinds of lies. 1. The *pernicious* lie, uttered for the hurt or disadvantage of our

neighbour. 2. The *officious* lie, uttered for our own or our neighbour's advantage. 3. The *ludicrous* and *jo-cose* lie, uttered by way of jest, and only for mirth's sake, in common converse. 4. *Pious* frauds, as they are improperly called, pretended inspirations, forged books, counterfeit miracles, are species of lies. 5. Lies of the *conduct*, for a lie may be told in *gestures* as well as in *words*; as when a tradesman shuts up his windows to induce his creditors to believe that he is abroad. 6. Lies of *omission*, as when an author omits wilfully what ought to be related; and may we not add, 7. That all *equivocation* and *mental reservation* come under the guilt of lying.—*Buck's Theol. Dict.*

The following anecdote is introduced by the Rev. Mr. Rivers, in the memoirs of his own life:—In the year 1776, the Rev. David Williams opened a chapel in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, on the universal principles of natural religion. Here, for four years, he read his Liturgy, and preached of a morning, while the Methodists occupied the place of an evening; the celebrated coal-heaver Huntingdon, and Mr. Cottingham, of Mile End Road, being the evening preachers.—Here was a strange diversity of sentiments: but it was all peace and harmony; for one of the preachers observed to his congregation, 'that it had been objected against him, that he preached in a pulpit where a Deist held forth;' but, added he, 'if the very Devil were to preach in this pulpit of a morning, I should not be ashamed to occupy it of an evening!'

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'MERLIN'S CAVE,' a Tale of Spa-fields, 'Literary Coincidences,' and Nichol Novice's Description of Bartholomew Fair, in our next.

The favours of C. W., Mac, Mr. Newman, and the 'Excursion through Wales,' have been received, and are under consideration.

The Imitation of D. F., and the Elegiac Lines on the late Queen, are inadmissible.

A Correspondent informs us that the Epitaph on Dr. Crossfield, inserted in a former number, was written by the Doctor himself, and that he was the individual who was tried for a plot to assassinate the late king.

C. M. is informed that the *Country Literary Chronicle* goes postage free to any part of the kingdom.

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